

## Colds

should be "nipped in the bud", for if allowed to run unchecked, serious results may follow. Numerous cases of consumption, pneumonia, and other fatal diseases, can be traced back to a cold. At the first sign of a cold, protect yourself by thoroughly cleansing your system with a few doses of

## THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

the old reliable, vegetable liver powder.

Mr. Chas. A. Ragland, of Madison Heights, Va., says: "I have been using Thedford's Black-Draught for stomach troubles, indigestion and colds, and find it to be the very best medicine I ever used. It makes an old man feel like a young one."

Insist on Thedford's, the original and genuine. E-67

## JULIA A. SHARPE HEADS WOODMEN CIRCLE.

Selection of Grand Lodge Officers Completed at Today's Session; Roswell Lands Next Convention.

The Woodmen circle convention closed in W. O. W. hall today, after a three days' session. The election, which is said to have been a sweeping victory for Mrs. Julia A. Sharpe, the state head; and her adherents, resulted as follows:

Supreme delegate, Julia A. Sharpe; grand guardian, Caroline Merrifield, of Hope; grand adviser, Sarah Westfield, of Albuquerque; grand clerk, Lily Ellis, Clovis; grand banker, Nora Leck, Carlsbad; grand chaplain, Ethel McDaniel, Roswell; grand attendant, Nellie Vest, Carlsbad; grand assistant attendant, Gertrude Deen, Portales; grand managers, Elizabeth Shelton, Hope; E. C. Tafoya, Santa Fe; Emma Walling, Albuquerque; grand inner sentinel, Rosa Pullen, Clovis; grand outer sentinel, Eliza Rankin, Elida; supreme delegates alternate, Bertha Thornhill, East Las Vegas.

The next meeting will be held at Roswell in April, 1917. This afternoon a memorial service was held, with Mrs. Sharpe presiding.

The delegates were to have been given an auto ride about the city, but on account of the McKee funeral the social feature was abandoned.—Albuquerque Herald.

Mrs. John T. Bolton arrived in San Antonio last Friday feeling none the worse for the long journey, found the weather fine and the city at its best, every shrub and flower in full bloom and ready for the Flower Festival that the city celebrates at this season every year. The parade proper is usually from one half to three quarters of a mile in length and twenty floats, representing the wonders of Aladdin, the captains selected from high school students will be a portion of the display. San Antonio has proven to the world the city cannot be eclipsed by any other in the country, no matter how important or imposing the occasion may be. Seventy entries are listed in roses alone, during the flower show to say nothing about sweet peas, poppies and pansies. When this week rolls around the thoughts will naturally be with the folks at home and Mrs. Bolton could not have chosen a more lovely time to visit San Antonio.

For Sale:—Indian runner ducks at only fifty cents each. Enquire at this office.

## SMOKE BELLEW

By JACK LONDON

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### CHAPTER XIX.

The Adventure With the Little Man.

"WHY you wasn't so set in your ways," Shorty demurred. "I'm sure smart of that glacier. No man ought to tackle it by his monkey."

Smoke laughed cheerfully and ran his eyes up the glistening face of the living glacier that filled the head of the valley. "Here it is August already, and the days have been getting shorter for two months," he epitomized the situation. "You know quartz, and I

don't. But I can bring up the grub while you keep after that mother lode. So long. I'll be back by tomorrow evening."

He turned and started.

"I got a hunch somethin's goin' to happen," Shorty pleaded after him. But Smoke's reply was a bantering laugh. He held on down the little valley, occasionally wiping the sweat from his forehead, the while his feet crushed through ripe mountain raspberries and delicate ferns that grew beside patches of sun sheltered ice.

In the early spring he and Shorty had come to the Stewart river and launched out into the amazing chaos of the region where Surprise lake lay. And all of the spring and half of the summer had been consumed in futile wanderings, when, on the verge of turning back, they caught their first glimpse of the baffling, gold bottomed sheet of water which had lured and fooled a generation of miners.

Making their camp in the old cabin which Smoke had discovered on his previous visit, they learned three things—first, heavy nugget gold was carpeted thickly on the lake bottom; next, the gold could be mined for in the shallower portions, but the temperature of the water was man killing, and, finally, the draining of the lake was too stupendous a task for two men in the shorter half of a short summer. Undeterred, reasoning from the coarseness of the gold that it had not traveled far, they had set out in search of the mother lode. They had crossed the big glacier that frowned on the southern rim and devoted themselves to the puzzling maze of small valleys and canyons beyond, which, by most unmountain-like methods, drained, or had at one time drained, into the lake.

The valley Smoke was descending gradually widened after the fashion of any normal valley, but at the lower end it pinched narrowly between high, precipitous walls and abruptly stopped in a cross wall. At the base of this, in a welter of broken rock, the streamlet disappeared, evidently finding its way out underground.

Climbing the cross wall, from the top Smoke saw the lake beneath him. Unlike any mountain lake he had ever seen, it was not blue. Instead its intense peacock green tokened its shallowness. It was this shallowness that made its draining feasible. All about arose jumbled mountains, with ice scarred peaks and crags, grotesquely shaped and grouped. All was topsy turvy and unsystematic—a Dore night mare.

Across the lake, seemingly not more than half a mile, but, as he well knew, five miles away, he could see the bunch of spruce trees and the cabin. He looked again to make sure and saw smoke clearly rising from the chimney. Somebody else had surprised themselves into finding Surprise lake, was his conclusion as he turned to climb the southern wall.

From the top of this he came down into a little valley, flower floored and laxy with the hum of bees, that heaved quite as a reasonable valley should, in so far as it made legitimate entry on the lake. What was wrong with it was its length—scarcely 100 yards—its head a straight up and down cliff of 1,000 feet, over which a stream pitched itself in descending veils of mist.

And here he encountered more smoke, floating lazily upward in the warm sunshine, beyond an outlet of rock. As he came around the corner he heard a light metallic tap-tapping and a merry whistling that kept the beat. Then he saw the man, an upturned shoe between his knees, into the sole of which he was driving hob spikes.

"Hello!" was the stranger's greeting, and Smoke's heart went out to the man in rosy liking. "Just in time for a snack. There's coffee 'n the pot, a couple of cold flapjacks, and some jerky."

"I'll go you if I lose," was Smoke's acceptance as he sat down. "I've been rather skimped on the last several meals, but there's oodles of grub over in the cabin."

"Across the lake? That's what I was heading for."

"Seems Surprise lake is becoming populous," Smoke complained, emptying the coffee pot.

"Go on, you're joking, aren't you?" the man said, surprise painted on his face.

Smoke laughed. "That's the way it takes everybody. You see those high ledges across there to the northwest? There's where I first saw it. No warning. Just suddenly caught the view of the whole lake from there. I'd give an up looking for it too."

"Same here," the other agreed. "I'd headed back and was expecting to fetch the Stewart last night when out I popped in sight of the lake. If that's it where's the Stewart? And where have I been all the time? And how did you come here? And what's your name?"

"Bellew—Kit Bellew."

"Oh, I know you!" The man's eyes and face were bright with a joyous smile, and his hand flashed eagerly out to Smoke's. "I've heard all about you."

He was a slender man, wiry with health, with quick black eyes and a magnetism of camaraderie.

"And this is Surprise lake?" he murmured incredulously. "And its bottom's buttered with gold?"

"Sure. There's some of the churning." Smoke dipped in his overalls pocket and brought forth half a dozen nuggets.

"Well, gosh-dash my dingbats, if you haven't beaten me to it," Carson swore whimsically, but his disappointment was patent. "And I thought I'd scooped the whole chondoo. Anyway, I've had the fun of getting here."

"Fun!" Smoke cried. "Why, if we can ever get our hands on all that but

tom we'll make Rockefeller look like 50 cents."

"But it's yours," was Carson's objection.

"Nothing to it, my friend. You've got to realize that no gold deposit like it has been discovered in all the history of mining. It will take you and me and my partner and all the friends we've got to lay our hands on it. All Bonanza and Eldorado dumped together wouldn't be richer than half an acre down there. The problem is to drain the lake. It will take millions. And there's only one thing I'm afraid of. There's so much of it that if we fail to control the output it will bring about the demonetization of gold."

"And you tell me"—Carson broke off, speechless and amazed.

"Am glad to have you. It will take a year or two, with all the money we can raise, to drain the lake. It can be done. I've looked over the ground. But it will take every man in the country that's willing to work for wages. We'll need an army, and we need right now decent men in on the ground floor. Are you in?"

"Am I in? Don't I look it? I feel so much like a millionaire that I'm real timid about crossing that big glacier. Couldn't afford to break my neck now. Wish I had some more of those hob spikes. I was just hammering the last in when you came along. How's yours? Let's see."

Smoke held up his foot.

"Worn smooth as a skating rink!" Carson cried. "You've certainly been hiking some. Wait a minute, and I'll pull some of mine out for you."

But Smoke refused to listen. "Besides," he said, "I've got about forty



He Thrust One Foot Forward and Steeled Himself With a Visible Physical Effort.

feet of rope cached where we take the ice. My partner and I used it coming over. It will be a cinch."

It was a hard, hot climb. The sun blazed dazzlingly on the ice surface, and with streaming pores they panted from the exertion. There were places, crisscrossed by countless fissures and crevasses, where an hour of dangerous toll advanced them no more than a hundred yards. At 2 in the afternoon beside a pool of water bedded in the ice Smoke called a halt.

"Let's tackle some of that jerky," he said. "I've been on short allowance, and my knees are shaking. Besides, we're across the worst. Three hundred yards will fetch us to the rocks, and it's easy going, except for a couple of nasty fissures and one bad one that heads us down toward the bulge. There's a weak ice bridge there, but Shorty and I managed it."

"I'm lighter than you by forty pounds," Carson said. "Let me go first."

They stood on the edge of the crevasse. It was enormous and ancient, fully 100 feet across, with sloping, age eaten sides instead of sharp angled rims. At this one place it was bridged by a huge mass of pressure hardened snow that was itself half ice. Even the bottom of this mass they could not see, much less the bottom of the crevasse. Crumbling and melting, the bridge threatened imminent collapse.

"Looks pretty bad," Carson admitted with an ominous head shake.

"But we've got to tackle it," Smoke said. "We can't camp here on the ice all night. And there's no other way. Shorty and I explored for a mile up. It was in better shape, though, when we crossed."

"It's one at a time, and me first," Carson took the coil of rope from Smoke's hand. "You'll have to cast off. I'll take the rope and the pick. Gimme your hand so I can slip down easy."

Slowly and carefully he lowered himself the several feet to the bridge, where he stood, making final adjustments for the perilous traverse. On his back was his pack outfit. Around his neck, resting on his shoulders, he coiled the rope, one end of which was still fast to his waist.

"I'd give a mighty good part of my millions right now for a bridge construction gang," he said, but his cheery, whimsical smile belied the words.

The pick and the long stick he used as an alpenstock he balanced horizontally after the manner of a rope-walker. He thrust one foot forward tentatively, drew it back and steered himself with a visible physical effort.

"I wish I was that broke," he smiled up. "If ever I got out of being a millionaire this time I'll never be any again."

"It's all right," Smoke encouraged. "I've been over it before. Better let me try it first."

"And you forty pounds to the worse," the little man flashed back. "I'll be all right in a minute. I'm all right now," as his foot went out, this time to rest carefully and lightly, while the other foot was brought up and past.

Very gently and circumspectly he continued on his way until two-thirds of the distance was covered. Here he stopped to examine a depression he must cross, at the bottom of which was a fresh crack. Smoke, watching, saw him glance to the side and down into the crevasse itself and then begin a slight swaying.

"Keep your eyes up!" Smoke commanded sharply. "Now, go on!"

The little man obeyed not faltered on the rest of the journey. The sun eroded slope of the farther edge of the crevasse was slippery, but not steep, and he worked his way up to a narrow ledge, faced about and sat down.

"Your turn," he called across. "But just keep a-comeing, and don't look down. That's what got my goat. Just keep a-comeing, that's all. And get a move on. It's mighty rotten."

Balancing his own stick horizontally, Smoke essayed the passage. That the bridge was on its last legs was patent. He felt a jar under foot, a slight movement of the mass and a heavier jar. This was followed by a single sharp crackle. Behind him he knew something was happening. If for no other reason he knew it by the strained, tense face of Carson. From beneath, thin and faint, came the murmur of running water, and Smoke's eyes involuntarily wandered to a glimpse of the shimmering depths. He jerked them back to the way before him.

Two-thirds over he came to the depression. The sharp edges of the crack, but slightly touched by the sun, showed how recent it was. His foot was lifted to make the step across when the crack began slowly widening, at the same time emitting numerous sharp snaps. He made the step quickly, increasing the stride of it, but the worn balls of his shoe skated on the farther slope of the depression. He fell on his face and without pause slipped down and into the crack, his legs hanging clear, his chest supported by the stick, which he had managed to twist crosswise as he fell.

His first sensation was the nausea caused by the sickening upheaval of his pulse; his first idea was of surprise that he had fallen no farther. Behind him were crackling and jar and movement, to which the stick vibrated. From beneath, in the heart of the glacier, came the soft and hollow thunder of the dislodged masses striking bottom. And still the bridge, broken from its farthest support and ruptured in the middle, held, though the portion he had crossed tilted downward at a pitch of twenty degrees.

He could see Carson, perched on his ledge, his feet braced against the melting surface, swiftly receding the rope from his shoulders to his hand.

"Wait!" he cried. "Don't move, or the whole shooting match will come down!"

He calculated the distance with a quick glance, took the bandanna from his neck and tied it to the rope and increased the length by a second bandanna from his pocket. The rope, manufactured from sled lashings and short lengths of plaited rawhide knotted together, was both light and strong. The first cast was lucky as well as deft, and Smoke's fingers clutched it. He evidenced a hand over hand intention of crawling out of the crack. But Carson, who had refastened the rope around his own waist, stopped him.

"Make it fast around yourself as well," he ordered.

"If I go I'll take you with me," Smoke objected.

"The little man became very parsimonious."

"You shut up!" he ordered.

"If I ever start going"—Smoke began.

"Shut up! You ain't going to ever start going. Now do what I say. That's right—under the shoulders. Make it fast. Now start. Get a move on, but easy as you go. I'll take in the slack. You just keep a-comeing. That's it. Easy, easy."

Smoke was still a dozen feet away when the final collapse of the bridge began. Without noise, but in a jerky way, it crumbled an increasing tilt.

"Quick!" Carson called, cutting in hand over hand on the slack of the rope which Smoke's rush gave him.

When the crash came Smoke's fingers were clawing into the hard face of the wall of the crevasse, while his body dragged back with the falling bridge. Carson, sitting up, feet wide apart and braced, was heaving on the rope. This effort swung Smoke in to the side of the wall, but it jerked Carson out of his niche. Like a cat he faced about, clawing wildly for a hold on the ice and slipping down. Beneath him, with forty feet of taut rope between them, Smoke was clawing just as wildly, and ere the thunder from below announced the arrival of the bridge both men had come to rest. Carson had achieved this first, and the several pounds of pull he was able to put on the rope had helped to bring Smoke to a stop.

Each lay in a shallow niche, but Smoke's was so shallow that, tense with the strain of the flattening and sticking, nevertheless he would have slid on had it not been for the slight assistance he took from the rope. He was on the verge of a bulge and could not see beneath him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Education, Hope, N. M., until two o'clock P. M. on the 10th day of May, 1915, for the erection of a reinforced concrete High School building, to be erected in the town of Hope, Eddy County, New Mexico.

Contractor will be required to furnish all material, tools, cartage and appliances, necessary to complete the building on or before the thirty-first (31st) day of August, 1915, according to the plans and specifications furnished by G. W. Witt, Carlsbad, N. M. and on file in the office of the Board of Education at Hope, N. M. and in the office of the County Treasurer, Carlsbad, N. M. and the office of the County Clerk, Roswell, N. M.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a certified check, representing five per cent (5pct) of the bid, and made payable to the Chairman of the Board of Education, Hope, N. M., as a guarantee to furnish a builder's bond equal to one half of the contract price, and one that is acceptable to the board of Education.

Each proposal must be sealed, and marked, "sealed bid" on the outside and addressed to H. M. GAGE, Chairman of Board of Education, Hope, N. M. The board reserves the right to reject any, or all bids.

Signed, H. M. GAGE, Chairman.  
N. L. JOHNSON, Clerk.  
16 apr-4

## PROBATE NOTICE.

In the District Court, Eddy County, New Mexico.

In the matter of the estate of Homer F. Parr, deceased.

No. 291.

Notice is hereby given that Maude H. Parr, administratrix of the estate of Homer F. Parr, deceased, having filed in this Court her first and final report of her administration of said estate, and a petition for her discharge as administratrix of said estate, the hearing for the same has been fixed for the 3rd day of May, 1915, by the Court, at 10 o'clock A. M. in the court room of said Court, at the Court House in Carlsbad, Eddy County, New Mexico, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified then and there to appear and show cause, if any they have, why said report should not be settled and allowed and said administratrix discharged.

Seal. A. R. O'QUINN, County Clerk.

9-apr-3

## NOTICE.

To W. R. Anderson, F. E. Lewis, The Unknown Heirs of William R. Anderson, deceased; and Unknown Claimants of Interest Adverse to Plaintiff in Cause No. 2162 in the District Court, within and for Eddy County, New Mexico, wherein Paul Ares is Plaintiff:—You and each of you are hereby notified that suit against you has been instituted and is now pending in said court in said county by said plaintiff to quiet his title to the following described lot and premises: Lot 1, Block 9, of La Huerta, in Eddy County, New Mexico. You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before May 15, 1915, judgment will be rendered in said cause against you by default. Armstrong & Dow, Carlsbad, New Mexico, are attorneys for plaintiff. Witness the hand and official seal of the County Clerk, Eddy County, N. M., this March 22, 1915.

A. R. O'QUINN, County Clerk.

25-Mch-5

## Last Will and Testament of Larkin D. Jacks, Deceased.

### NOTICE FOR PROVING WILL.

To Whom It May Concern:—Notice is hereby given that the will of Larkin D. Jacks, deceased, has been filed in my office, and that the 3rd day of May, 1915, is the time fixed for proving said will at the office of the Probate Judge of Eddy County, in the Court House at Carlsbad, New Mexico.

Witness my hand at Carlsbad, New Mexico, this 31st day of March, 1915.

A. R. O'QUINN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

(Seal) 2-Apr-4

## NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER EXECUTION.

In the District Court, Eddy County, New Mexico.

Rice-Stix Dry Goods Co., Plaintiff.

No. 2068.

John L. Toole, Defendant.

WHEREAS, by virtue of an execution, issued out of the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, of which said District said Eddy County is a part, in cause number 2068 Rice-Stix Dry Goods Company is plaintiff and John L. Toole is defendant, same being suit on a certain promissory note made, executed and delivered by defendant to plaintiff, and in which said cause judgment was had, rendered and entered against defendant and in favor of plaintiff, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1914 for the sum of \$340.79 and all costs, which said demand and judgment will amount to the sum of \$369.87 on the day sale is to be made.

And WHEREAS, by virtue of said execution I, the undersigned sheriff, did on the 15th day of April 1915, levy upon and take into my possession, as the property of said defendant, the following described real estate, to wit:

The Northeast Quarter (NE-1-4) Sec-

E. W. Walte and Ray Blocker went to the plains country last Saturday to tow or bring in the car that was burned of Mrs. George Fendleton's. They took out the necessary things for repairing the car, fixed it up and made the trip back to town. Everything that would burn around the car was destroyed. The engine was repaired, new tires put on, a board tacked on to sit on, the car being light, made the trip across the mud, and the Overland they went out in stuck in the mud of Lone Tree and they abandoned it and came in Tuesday morning in the rebuilt car.

## NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

In the Probate Court; No. 312:

Eddy County, New Mexico.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret Jane Mayes, Deceased.

By order of the Probate Court of the county of Eddy, State of New Mexico, notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned have been duly appointed by said court administrator of the estate of Margaret Jane Mayes, deceased, and that I have qualified as such administrator by taking the oath of office and by filing in said court the duly approved bond as required by law.

Notice is further given that all persons having claims against said estate must present such claims in the manner prescribed by law and within the time fixed by law.

Dated, Carlsbad, New Mexico, April 12, 1915:

A. J. MAYES, Administrator.

16-apr-4.

tion 11, Township, 17 South of Range 38 East N. M. P. M. near Knowles Eddy County, New Mexico.

NOW, therefore NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 7th, day of June A. D. 1915, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 12 O'Clock M. of said day, at the South Front Door of the Court house in the town of Carlsbad in said County, I will offer the above land and real estate for sale and sell the same at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the proceeds of such sale to be applied to the payment of the judgment and costs above mentioned.

DATED: Carlsbad, New Mexico, April 14, 1915,  
M. C. STEWART,  
Sheriff Eddy County, New Mexico.

16-apr-5

## NOTICE OF CONTEST.

027902

C 9088

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, March 24, 1915.

To W. R. Jacks, father and only heir of Dave A. Jacks, deceased, of Loving, New Mexico, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that William H. Laidlaw, who gives Loving, New Mexico, as his post-office address, did on March 23, 1915, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of HD, Entry No. 027902, made October 11, 1913, for N 1-2 SE 1-4 and SW 1-4 NE 1-4, Section 24, Township 23S, Range 28E, N. M. P. Meridian; and as grounds for his contest he alleges that the said Dave A. Jacks is now deceased, that said deceased never established residence upon said tract during his life time, that you as his only heir have never established residence thereon since the death of said Dave A. Jacks, and that said deceased left no will.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

Date of first publication Apr. 2, 1915.  
Date of second publication Apr. 9, 1915.  
Date of third publication Apr. 16, 1915.  
Date of fourth publication Apr. 23, 1915.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

## R.M. THORNE

UNDERTAKER

LICENSED EMBALMER

Telephone 70